

The Tragedie of Hamlet

To make oppression bitter, or ere this
 I should haue fatted all the region kytes
 VVith this slaues offall, bloody, bawdy villaine,
 Remorselesse, treacherous, lcherous, kindlesse villain.
 VVhy what an Ass am I? this is most braue,
 That I the sonne of a deere father murdered,
 Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
 Must like a whore vnpack my heart with words,
 And fal a cursing like a very drabbe; stallion, fie vppont, foh.
 About my braines, hum, I haue heard,
 That guiltie creatures sitting at a play,
 Haue by the very cunning of the Scene,
 Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently
 They haue proclaim'd their makfactions:
 For murther though it haue no tongue will speake
 With most miraculous organ. Ile haue these Players
 Play something like the murther of my father
 Before mine Vncle, Ile obserue his lookes,
 Ile tent him to the quick, if a do blench
 I know my course. The spirit that I haue seene
 May be a diuell, and the diuell hath power
 T'assume a pleasing shape; yea and perhaps,
 Out of my weaknesse and my melancholly,
 As he is very potent with such spirits,
 Abuses me to damne me; Ile haue grounds
 More relatiue then this, the play's the thing
 VVherein Ile catch the conscience of the King. *Exit.*

*Enter King, Quene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrans, Gyl-
 densterne, Lords*

King. And can you by no drift of conference
 Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
 Grating so harshly all his daies of quiet
 VVith turbulent and dangerous lunacie?

Ros. He dooes confesse he feesles himselfe distracted;
 But from what cause a will by no meanes speake.

Gyl. Nor do we find him forward to be founded,
 But with a crafty madnesse keepes aloofe
 VVhen we would bring him on to some confession

Prince of Denmark

Of his true state.

Quee. Did he receiue you?

Ros. Most like a Gentleman.

Gyl. But with much forcie.

Ros. Niggard of question,
 Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you slay him?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out
 We ore-raught on the way,

And there did seeme in him a

To heare of it: they are heere

And as I thinke, they haue al

This night to play before him

Pol. Tis most true.

And he beseecht me to intrea

To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my heart,

And it doth much content m

To heare him so inclin'd.

Good Gentlemen giue him a

And driue his purpose into t

Ros. We shall my Lord.

King. Sweet Gertraud, lea

For we haue closely sent for

That he as t'were by acceder

Affront Ophelia; her father an

VVee'le so bestow our selues

VVe may of their encounter

And gather by him as he is b

If be th'affliction of his lou

That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you.

And for my part Ophelia I do

That your good beauties be

Of Hamlets wildnesse, so shal

Will bring him to his wont

To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it

Pol. Ophelia walk you here